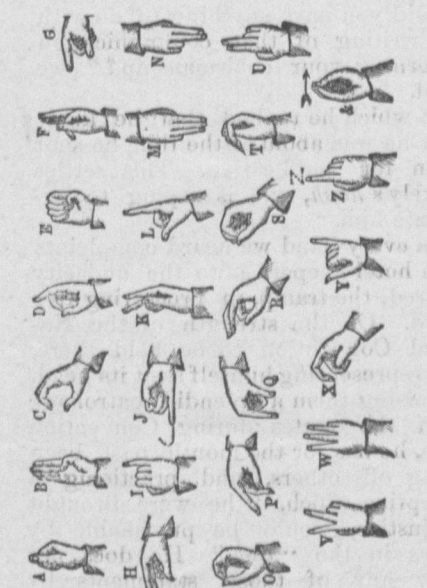


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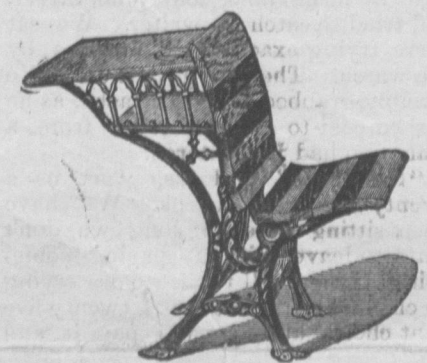
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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IX.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1880.

NUMBER 30.

## POETRY.

### Chivalry.

#### I.

Within the love-light of a summer eve  
A maiden lingered, clad in clouds of lace,  
No sorrow yet had taught her heart to grieve  
Or worn the charm of childhood from her face.

She leaned upon the arm of some proud man,  
Cast in a kinder fashion than his mates;  
One would have said that through his veins there ran  
The blood of princes and of potentates.

She threw aside a rose's drooping bud;  
He picked it up, as out of royal whim,  
And with the fervor of chivalric blood  
Declared that it was all the world to him.

#### II.

Through smoke and flame, shrill shrieks, mad  
noanings thrilled,  
The azure trances of the midnight sky,  
While scores of frantic men and women lay,<  
The burning ship that drifted, helpless, by.

Then in the cold, uncharitable stream  
The drowning fought amid the blackened dead.  
One woman, beauteous as a beauteous dream,  
Clung to a raft, abrain with men in dread.

They struck her hands—those hands that never  
knew  
A hushier touch than last night's withered  
bud—  
And chief among that proud patrician crew  
Was he whose veins ran with chivalric blood.

## STORY TELLER.

### THE HERMIT.

A TALE OF MINING LIFE IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

Away up on the range—the Sierra Madre—of the Rocky Mountains, twelve thousand feet above the sea, rests a little mining camp of some twenty or twenty-five rough log cabins right on the edge of the timber line! tall, spruce pines below; bare jagged rocks above. North, south, east and west huge peaks tower in their massive grandeur and rear their stony heads to the rising and setting sun, and seem like grim old sentinels keeping watch over the little basins in which are the cabins, collectively known as Mineral City. The mountain sides are seamed and ribbed with the rich silver veins of San Juan, and scores of cuts, shafts and tunnels echo daily to the clang of drill and sledge as the hardy miners delve after metallic treasures of these great store-houses.

Near the blacksmith shop, where the not unmelodious ring of drills and picks being sharpened is heard all the day and far into the night, a little cabin stands unobtrusively upon its rocky foundation. There is an air of neatness about its hipped roof of nicely spilt "shakes" and its carefully hewn door, that speaks well for the patience of the builder. In fact, the cabin is pointed out as a fine specimen of frontier architecture.

The solitary owner and occupant of this little building was known throughout the camp as "the Hermit." Not, be it understood, because of his imitating those poor old beings of ancient story, who dwelt in caves and fled at the approach of any one, but simply because he was a taciturn, quiet old fellow, who worked his mine alone, and when joining the rest of the men about the saloon, always sought a corner and rarely, if ever, took part in the conversation.

He was vastly different from the rest of his fellow laborers. He never drank; he never swore; but in his quiet, unobtrusive way would sit and gaze intently at the fire, unmindful of the stories, the hearty laughter, the social drinking and the absorbing games of cards going on around him. Tall he was, with a decided stoop in his shoulder; a long beard, plentifully streaked with gray, and a pair of wearied, nervous, yearning eyes, that somehow appealed to the rough but good-hearted miners.

Mail came twice a week in Mineral City, and the saloon was the postoffice. Regularly upon the carrier's arrival, the Hermit would join the crowd and listen with an eager, expectant air as the superscriptions of the various letters were read out by the saloon-keeper, and then, when the last missive had been reached and either claimed or set aside, he would lower his head and slowly slip away to his seat at the corner of the fire-place, with never a word. Every mail that went out carried a letter from the Hermit, always addressed to the same address, which the boys shrewdly guessed contained such money as the poor fellow was able to scrape together from the scanty yield of his mine—the Alice.

The boys had often debated upon writing a letter to the Hermit, for his continued expectation and his regularly bitter disappointment, touched them, but they argued that they would not be wanted and so the idea was abandoned. Several of them asked the postmaster to lay aside their letters without reading aloud their addresses, that the contrast might not be so painful to the Hermit, and none of them gave vent to any joyful exclamations when the mail brought them favors, as was their wont. The old whisky keg, at the corner of the fire-place, was always reserved for the

Hermit, and come when he might he never found it occupied, or when sitting there, was he ever crowded. And so these rough frontiersmen showed in various ways their sympathy for their lonely and silent companion, of whom they knew notingsave that what his pinched, careworn and yearning eyes told.

One day the mail came in and the Hermit was not there. This was so unusual that it led to considerable speculation among the boys. Then Roney, whose lead lay near the Alice, remembered that the Hermit had not been to work the day before, and when night came on and the keg in the corner remained unoccupied the boys concluded that investigation was necessary.

"Pards, I reckon the Hermit may be a little off and, might kinder need help," said Georgia, "an' it sorter strikes me we might call in an' see." As this met the approval of all the men, Georgia and Roney started up to the Hermit's little cabin. A dim light crept around the edges of the old flour sack that acted as curtain for the little square pane of glass constituting a window, and after consultation, the two messengers concluded to take a peep before making their presence known.

Georgia put his face to the glass and peered intently within. The Hermit sat on the earthen floor enveloped in a torn and miserable blanket. His hat was off, and her long gray hair was tangled and unkempt. His eyes, which Georgia could plainly see, as he sat nearly facing the window, combined with their usual pleading expression a sort of feverish glitter, and the whole attitude of the man was one of despair. In his hands he held what appeared to be a photograph and an old letter, and he never moved his eyes from them.

The rest of the room that came within Georgia's field of vision betokened cleanliness, but at the same time, extreme poverty for even that rough country. Georgia withdrew his head and his companion took a look, after which they both retreated some little distance into the timber and paused.

"Well," said Roney.  
"Durned queer," said Georgia.  
"Kinder sick-looking, eh?"  
Georgia nodded his head thoughtfully.

"Let's see the boys about it," said Roney, and then they retraced their steps to the saloon.

The boys listened with interest to the report and pulled their beards and scratched their heads in attempts to obtain a solution as to what ailed the Hermit. Many and various were the explanations given, and then they decided that Georgia and Roney had better go back and knock at the door and inquire, at any rate, if anything was wrong; so thereupon the two once more started up the rail. They knocked—first softly, and then louder—but elicited no response or caused any sign of life within, save the extinguishment immediately of the light.

"No use," whispered Roney, and without further words they left the little cabin and its solitary occupant, and joined their comrades.

The next day passed and the next, but the Hermit gave no signs of existence. The evening mail came in, and among the letters was one in a woman's hand, for John Harmer, Mineral City, San Juan County, Colorado. There was not such a personage in the country, so far as the boys knew, but Georgia, after a moment's hesitation, put his shoulder to the door and with a little noise as possible burst the wooden button off that served as a lock. The next instant Georgia was in the room. The Hermit lay extended upon the floor, his face flushed and hot with fever and his long, thin fingers nervously grasping and relaxing against the torn blanket on which he tossed.

"What's the matter, old pard?" said Georgia, as he raised the old man's head.

The fevered eyes slowly turned toward his face, the emaciated fingers opened and the poor, lonely old fellow said huskily:

"Don't tell her!"  
"Who—tell her who?"  
"Alice—poor little thing—she don't know."

"Thinking of his folks in the States," muttered Georgia, and then tenderly and carefully he lifted the sick man in his arms and strode away to his own cabin.

The news of the Hermit's sickness spread through the camp, and blankets and food came from all quarters for his use. The store was ransacked for the best that it could afford. A terrible slaughtering of mountain grouse took place that rich broths might be made for the invalid. One man traveled sixteen miles to Silverton to secure a can of peaches, and the men almost fought in their anxiety to act as nurses and watches. Georgia thanked the boys, but kept them away, admitting only one or two to aid him in the care of the old man. Despite all this

attention the old fellow sank and sank, and it soon became evident that the mountain fever had one more victim.

One night George sat smoking his pipe and musing. The owner of the letter had been found, for in his ravings the old man often mentioned the name Harmer, but the boys feared least he should die before reading it, and this perplexed Georgia sadly. What was he to do with it and might it not contain matters of importance? Had the old man any friends or relatives living, and where were they to be found? All these things and many more came flitting through his brain, and he did not hear his patient slowly raise himself in the bed and stare about him. The old man looked the room over and then his eyes rested on the burly form by the fire.

"Georgia," he said.

In an instant Georgia sprang to his feet and hastened to the bedside.

"Why, pardner, durn it—yer—yer getting better, ain't you?"

The old man smiled wearily.

"Tell me all about it," he said.

Georgia briefly recounted the story of his illness, touching but lightly on what he had done, and laying great stress on the interest of the men.

"But now, old man, you'll soon be up and among 'em," he concluded, with a cheerful laugh.

"No," said the old fellow, with the same weary smile, "but—I thank you."

"Oh, nonsense—that's all right—you're only a leetle shook up, you know—it's natural, after being as fur down as you've been. You'll soon be all right—cheer up, and don't let your sun run out; besides, I've got a letter for you."

"Letter—for me?" and the old man's face lighted up with an eagerness that sent a tremor through Georgia's honest heart, lest the missive, after all, should not be for him. He got it, however, and gave it into the trembling hands.

"Yes, yes," said the old fellow, "it's her writing. I know—like her mother's—oh, how long it has been coming—but now—" and his poor, weak, shaking hands vainly strove to open it.

"Let me," said Georgia, kindly.  
The old man let him take the letter, and then said suddenly, in a low, even tone: "Hold on, Georgia."

Georgia paused.  
"Georgia," said the old fellow, looking him steadily in the eye, "you've been kind to me—very kind—and I've got nothing to show for it—nothing but confidence. I'm going to tell you something, Georgia, and then—then you can read that letter and you'll understand all the good news it contains."

He paused a moment and closed his eyes. Then he continued:

"Georgia, I was a likely sort of chap a year ago—not such a good-for-nothing galoot as I am now, and I married, Georgia—married the best girl in old Pennsylvania. I was mighty happy—too happy, partner—that's what made it go so hard when she died. We had one child—a little girl—and we called her Alice—a wife's name. She was a wee little thing when her mother died, and so very, very pretty. It was hard lines on me, Georgia, and somehow I got to drinking. I know it did me no good, and I know it wasn't right, but a man doesn't reason much when he's desperate like, and so I drank and drank. I sold everything and put my girl—my little Alice—with my wife's brother. He had a family of his own, and what could a lonely, broken-hearted man like me do for a dear little girl? Georgia, if they'd come to me and talked good and gentle they could have made a man of me, but they didn't. They wouldn't let me come into their house, and they said that I'd killed my wife by drinking. Georgia, it was a lie a damnable lie. I never drank a drop till she died, and I wouldn't have done it then if I'd had any one to sympathize with me. But I hadn't; I was alone in the world—alone with my great grief, and—" and the old man's voice broke, and his poor, thin hands went nervously over the blanket while two tears stole from his hot eyes and trickling down his pale, pinched cheeks, lost themselves in the gray hairs of his beard.

"Well, Georgia," he said presently, "they got an order from the court giving the guardianship of my child—my Alice—to her uncle, because they said I was unfit to take care of her. Georgia, if but one kind word had been said—only one—I wouldn't have been the fool I was. Well, I left and came west. I stopped drinking. I have never touched a drop since Alice was taken from me." You believe me, Georgia?"

"Yes," said Georgia.  
"After a while I wrote to her uncle, and I told him of my new life and asked him if I couldn't at least write to my little girl. That was in '67, and she was then ten years old. He took no notice of my letter—"

"He's a—" broke in Georgia, but suddenly checked himself before concluding.

"Then I thought perhaps he hadn't got it, so I got my money together and went east. But he had, Georgia; he had. It was no use though. He wouldn't believe in me and wouldn't let me see my little girl. He said he should never know but what he was her father, and at least until she was of age. I tried the courts, but I spent all my money without changing my decree. Then I gave it up and came back west again. I gained one thing though. The judge said that when Alice was twenty-one she should be offered the choice of coming to me, her father, or remaining with her guardian. I had to rest satisfied, and I worked and worked to get money for my little girl. I scripped some, Georgia, but there's nearly \$12,000 in the bank for her now," and the old man's voice and manner were full of pride.

"She was twenty-one last June, and I've been waiting for her letter. I knew it would come. Oh, Georgia if she only knew how I have worked for her; how I have waited, alone but still working and waiting; but she has written now, and to-morrow or next day, I must start east. We will be very, very happy together, and—but read her letter—you know all now," and the lids closed again over the fevered eyes, and the poor old man softly murmured, "little Alice, little Alice."

Georgia tore open the envelope and unfolded the letter, and the old man feebly drew nearer in joyful, happy eagerness.

"My uncle," read Georgia unsteadily, "has informed me of your relationship to me. I have only to say that I regret that the man whose habits killed my mother should also bear the title of my father. I sincerely hope that the Almighty will pardon where we cannot."

Georgia turned toward the old man.

"My God," he said, "the Hermit is dead."

## LEADVILLE ITEMS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—An article among the "Leadville Items," published in the JOURNAL of June 24th stating that Mr. Dwyer was educated at the New York Institution was an error; but Mr. James Dwyer late of the Michigan Institution, used to attend that Institution before he came in camp. He is now working with his father at the Iron Mine.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone has been stopping at the Windsor Hotel for the past few days. He came to town on mining business. One day we visited the Little Pittsburg Mining Company's mine, the Chrysolite Silver Mining Co., and several other mines. Then we visited the Grant Smelting and Milling Company's office and got permission from the President to visit the smelter. Then accompanied by him we visited the California Gulch, and were told that \$10,000,000 worth of metal has already been taken from the Gulch, and it still yields about \$200,000 per annum. The mining is carried on by turning a powerful stream of water on the part of the gulch thought to contain ore, and its force is awful. Earth and rocks are washed away, and riffles containing mercury are then passed over the recently washed earth, and uniting with the gold and silver form amalgamates, and when a clean up is necessary water is turned on and the gold and silver is all received. After leaving the Gulch Mr. Livingstone left for Buena Vista from where he goes to Denver.

I received several letters from persons in the East, whom I know well, asking if I could obtain a position for them in Leadville. Mr. Livingstone and I looked very closely around about situations, etc., but I confess I must discourage them. They had better stay where they are unless they have friends who live in Leadville. Leadville is the most unhealthy city in Colorado. Deaths average from eight to ten daily. I would not stop any one who decides to come here, but I can only say that they will regret it afterwards. Denver is a very beautiful place, but no situations can be obtained except by influence.

The papers say that the mine which a deaf and dumb gentleman, Mr. Livingstone, owns has been bonded to a party from New York and Boston for one hundred thousand dollars. I congratulate him on his luck, for he has been my true friend, and I enjoy his society when he comes to Leadville very much. He expects to make another trip to Leadville in a month from Breckenridge where he owns three mines. We wish him an enjoyable trip.

The new railroad from Leadville to Malta is expected to be completed in ten days, the distance yet uncompleted being only four miles. Mr. Livingstone was the first deaf-mute who rode over the new road from Buena Vista to Malta. Good bye to the stage, maddy roads and long rides.

I once took a stage ride from Buena Vista to Leadville, and can say it is a very tough ride. The distance is thirty-five miles.

It will be remembered that Mr. Livingstone sent a reply to the students through the columns of the JOURNAL, a few months ago, when the Washington Chronicle advised them to pocket five hundred dollars and go to Colorado and prospect in mines. He was quite right. I can daily men with burros carrying grub, clothing, etc., bound for Gunnison County to prospect. Nearly all return East "busted," and very few are lucky.

Boarding and the rent of rooms is dreadful high. Board is from \$8 and upwards. Two small rooms in my house are rented to a party for \$20 a month, while in St. Louis the same rooms would not bring \$5 a month. My mother is furnishing a small room which when it is completed will be rented for \$25 a month. So you see it is quite expensive to live in Leadville.

On the 4th of July the water on the streets was found to be frozen, and the people had to sprinkle ashes on the ice before it was safe to go out walking. Many people went to the Twin Lake to celebrate the Fourth by fishing and other sports. The Twin Lake is one of the best fishing grounds in the State. The road from Leadville to the Soda Springs has been repaired by the County Commissioners, and is now a very broad and beautiful drive. On the Fourth many people took a drive over this road to the Race Course and Soda Springs. We are never troubled by the heat, and can always keep cool.

A young fellow named Geo. Bond, who was educated in the Columbus, Ohio, and Fulton, Mo. Institutions, is going to the Colorado Springs Institution next Fall. He is 16 years old and is a very promising fellow.

Gen. Grant and his party are expected in town on the 20th inst., and the citizens are preparing for a grand blow out on the occasion.

Ex-Governor Olagby, of Illinois has returned home. He was a guest of Dr. Gillett, of the Illinois Institute.

Prof. J. Swyer, formerly a teacher in the Illinois Institute has been appointed Superintendent of the Wisconsin Institution.

LOUIS HUFF.

LEADVILLE, July 5.

Mettenberger and the Picnic.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Comprehending "Columbus's" anxiety to have J. C. B. explain concerning the whereabouts of the \$20 pocketed by that tramp, I would say that there is nothing of importance to make known. Mr. Vance having repeatedly demanded the return of the money without avail, comprehended the danger of allowing him the privilege of selling the remainder of the tickets, took all of them from him, at the same time, reminding him of having used the money for his own purposes. Had Mr. Vance known as much about his career as "Columbus," he would have had nothing to do with him.

From all appearances, Fred has unfortunately formed his plans, preferring to use his brains in his own behalf, rather than to submit to the untakings that tend to the general welfare of the mute community. This is enough, and nothing worthy of note will be further mentioned in his behalf, except that a few words of encouragement should be given him as an inducement for him to lead a better life.

If the picnic held by the Anderson Association, at Highland House, was characterized as a noisy one, as "Columbus" admirably pointed out, it was caused by the circus held that night under the management of "Mercury's" agents, who were present out of curiosity. In reply to a card of invitation, "Columbus" expressed himself very thankful, but said that he regretted his inability to be present on the occasion. Why did he show up and announce what the paper explained, on our picnic? Had he been present for the sake of good morals, he would have made a better record. To enlighten him and others on the history of truth, I will state that, from my own observation, the picnic was a quiet, as well as an enjoyable one, in spite of the small number of silent visitors from abroad, unnecessarily caused by the falsity of the rumors. It will be seen that most of the silent residents of Cincinnati and its suburbs, who are familiar with the matter of conducting our association, were present on the occasion and soon after, were joined by a far larger number of speaking people. On the whole, the picnic continued to be as quiet as could be expected until that night, when we were disagreeably surprised at the appearance of the circus, as above stated, and which was followed and quited by the display of fireworks. Furthermore, there were four cases of drunkenness, two on the part of "Columbus's" own friends, and the balance on that of heedless boys—probably his own pupils—which

attracted much attention until the close, when the former were obliged to start for home arm-in-arm with each other, after the fashion of the Irish Professor. What a noisy circus!

It was my intention not to write about the picnic just to keep the outsiders in silence, owing to the untruthfulness of the rumors.

As "Columbus" raises his voice to injure our cause, being nearly totally unknown to all of the members, I desire to place these vindications of truth before your readers on the subject.

Mr. Vance is entitled to the thanks of all in the organization for having assumed the responsibility that is necessary to its success. In addition to the proceeds of the picnic, Col. Anderson generously made a donation of fifty dollars, this summer, and that of twenty dollars a few years before, for which our society has been called Anderson.

It is needless to say that the members are fully determined and able to protect their own interests, irrespective of outside influence and interference.

J. C. BARKLEY.

Moscow, O., July 12, 1880.

Sibus.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Laurel S. F. Company's picnic at Springwood, within about six miles of York, on the 5th, was a grand success in every particular, in spite of the cloudy weather. It was attended by more than eight hundred and fifty persons, who left at 8:10 o'clock on an extra train arriving at the grounds at 8:40. There were three deaf-mutes present, and they had a good time. The railroad accommodations were complete, every one being comfortably seated, and enjoying the ride. Between one and two hundred visited Delta, during the day at a small additional cost of fare. It is covered with slate quarries. The picnic grounds are decidedly superior to any in this section of the county, as far as accommodations are concerned. The grove is large and well shaded, large benches with good seats are arranged in various parts of the grove. The patent swings which are suspended at various points in the grove, afforded much amusement for the juveniles. An attractive feature of the picnic ground is the excellent spring of water which every one patronized. The scenery and surroundings, generally, were much admired, and the writer had a pleasant stroll about the Grove. Altogether this was one of the most delightful and enjoyable picnics of the season, and all returned in the evening much pleased with their trip to Springwood.

At the meeting of the Literary Society held in the Parish Building of St. John's Church, on the 1st of July, upon the call of Sec'y Kohler, Mr. J. M. Kohler, a college student, was invited by Mr. Bentz to deliver his lecture. The subject was: "The advantages of a Literary Society," to which every one listened to with close attention, and his lecture was interesting. Had the weather been favorable he would no doubt have drawn a large attendance. Messrs. Bentz, Kohler, Lanins, C. Lehr, J. Lehr and his wife went bravely notwithstanding the storm, and listened to Mr. Kohler's lecture. The Society will hold no meeting during the Summer. According to the notice of Rev. Job Turner to preach in York, Mr. Rebert and his wife and Tillie Graff came a distance of 18 miles to hear him, and were much disappointed when he did not appear.

Thaddeus S. Mundis left his place in the shoe factory, and he intends becoming a tobacco planter on his own hook.

It is reported that the Hudson B. C. of New York will play a game with the Atlantics of this place on the 10th of the present month, and if so the writer shall take the opportunity of attending the interesting novelty.

Sibus.

YORK, Pa., July 8, 1880.

## CALIFORNIA NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mrs. A. L. Williams recently went to Oakland, Cal., to visit some of her friends. She and Mrs. H. D. Crandall attended a picnic at Shell Mound Park, and both had a narrow escape from being killed by an approaching train. They had just emerged from the Park to enter a train bound West, which runs on the middle track, when the lightning "Arizona Express" train came dashing by. Undoubtedly they both would have been run over had not a conductor perceived their danger and snatched them from the track.

Mr. Moses Aronson, a graduate of the California Institution, is serving an apprenticeship at shoe-making, and intends before long to become his own "Boss." We wish him success. He lives in this city with his parents.

Mr. C. A. Cory and his wife (I understand), intend going to the State of Illinois to live in the Fall.

Mr. W. R. Craig, formerly of Oakland, but now of Anson, Cal., is the happy father of a son.

There was quite a assemblage of the friends of Mr. Williams at his rooms, to witness the parade on the one hundred and fourth anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence.

Mrs. H. B. Crandall, of Oakland, accompanied by her daughter, has gone to Monterey—the Long Branch of the Pacific—for a couple of days.

Miss Lizzie McComb is at present in Santa Cruz.

Miss Bartels, of Berkeley, is visiting this City. She is the guest of Miss Annie K. Roseler.

MEMPHIS.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 8, 1880.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1880.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50 Clubs of ten, 1.25 If not paid within six months, 2.00 These prices are variable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter. Terms, cash in advance.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

## LYING.

We have lately seen so many instances among the deaf and dumb of the injurious effects of lying, that we write this article to point out to those who are in the habit of falsifying, the danger to which they expose themselves and others by circulating stories that are not entirely true. Those who are suspected of being insincere, whose characters are marked for equivocation and double meaning, will always find it hard to make others believe them, even when they are relating facts which can scarcely be doubted; because the veracity of their declarations and the honesty of their professions will be suspected. We have amongst us those who relate improbable stories from motives of mere personal vanity, which stories mostly always relate to the person who tells them; and again we have others who take a delight in detracting from the merits of deserving and estimable people, from motives of envy, malice, or revenge. Avoid the former, but shun these last as you would the plague. They are the slimy human serpents whose touch is pollution, and continued contact with whom means moral death.

Those who lie, from whatever motive, will sooner or later be discovered. The ways of falsehood are so intricate, that they who are once entered into this labyrinth can seldom find their way out. When a man becomes so hardened as to boldly tell an untruth that even the most unsuspecting cannot fail to detect it, that man is utterly lost. But what motive could compel any one to thus pervert the truth? Why should any one lie when he knows it will instantly recoil on him? It must be from personal motives, from motives of envy, or from a vain hope that he would profit by it. Who does not know that the insincere behavior of one man to another more generally proceeds from an inordinate self-love. Who does not know that such an one is forever endeavoring to promote his own interests or notoriety at the expense of others. Every man is entitled to improve his situation in life, by every fair and honest means; for by so doing he will neither injure nor oppress another.

The path of truthful honesty is as plain and open as the schemes of treachery are complicated and almost past finding out. Yet a time will come when the most crafty will be caught in their own snares, and their cunningly contrived plans be exposed. Distrust and contempt will follow them wherever they may go. All their arts of equivocation and duplicity will be of no avail, because the world will be guarded against them, and then should they intend to act with integrity all who may have dealings with them will be cautious and reserved.

An untruth, under whatever circumstances, is always odious; this quality ever adheres to it, but it will be more or less atrocious from the motives which occasion it, or from the end which the person telling it has in view. When the design is to injure another's reputation, the act can not be too strongly condemned. We deaf-mutes who have been imposed upon, and have discovered the imposture, will in future be more than ever on our guard against the rancorous wiles of these villains that would subtract from the honor due to our class as a true-hearted, honest - loving and industrious people. Our pride should prevent us from being foolishly credulous to the improbable tales that are told to the discredit of any one whom we respect.

There is a feeling of happy satisfaction experienced when listening to the

whole-souled expressions of an honest heart, that can not be found when we are being imposed upon by artifice or deceit. In the latter case, when we tear away the thin veneering which has been used to make the story plausible and behold beneath the base and inconsistent material that has been palmed upon us, there is left a feeling of disgust. Our pride is wounded because we have allowed ourselves to be taken in by what had the appearance of reality, but which proved only the coating of frankness which even a lie requires.

Let each and all personally determine never to get into that quagmire of woe and peril which is generated by untruthful words or actions, but should it be our misfortune to ever become entangled in that labyrinth of deceit framed by others, we can always escape from it by holding fast the golden thread of truth.

The long anticipated Excursion of the Manhattan Literary Association, has gone into the realms of Father Time, leaving behind memories so pleasant, that they will never fade from the minds of those who participated. The occasion, we can justly say, surpassed any preceding affair of the kind given by the Society, not only in the number present, the joy and hilarity which prevailed, and the delightfulness of the sail and sublimity of the scenery, but what is more important to the association, in the financial result.

The four landings where the barge took on its human freight, presented picturesque appearances on the morning of July 13th, while the number who embarked were beyond the most sanguine expectation. When, at 11 A.M., the last person was taken aboard, and the boats left 119th street in the direction of Hell Gate,—there was fully six hundred aboard—six hundred souls full of life, gayety, wit, and determined to "make a day of it." That this determination was carried out the events of the day fully proved.

Ploughing through the intricate groups of rocks and eddies which mark the famous Hell Gate, the barge entered the broad waters of Long Island Sound. While the young people joked, danced and promenaded about—the quiet and sedate were treated to scenery, of a character which never fails to please the age-dimmed eye. Half way up the Sound the looming walls of Fort Schuyler raised their weather-beaten turrets with the warning, "Don't anchor, Torpedoes," vividly showing its mission. Opposite, as it were in friendly communion, stood Fort Willets on Willets Point.

Further on, a sight met the view which, for a part, chilled the general merriment, and recalled the soul to serious reflection. Deep in the sunken meadows lay the skeleton of the ill-fated Seawanhaka.

Passing this point, the rich variety of scenery again chained the attention of the merry-makers, and effectually drove away all foreboding shadows of fear.

Soon the landing was reached, and all safely disembarked and dispersed to narrow cozy spots, where the heavy baskets gave forth their contents for the benefit of their owners. A most enjoyable time was passed during the stay, the utmost good feeling prevailing throughout. The various booths had their admirers, photos were exchanged, swings were hired, the briny waves were kissed, and every way in which pleasure could be obtained was sought out.

At length the sounding whistle gave notice to return, and all were within a short time on their way home. Here, through some slight neglect on the part of the Police Committee, several disturbances occurred; but as they took place on the lower deck, they made but little impression on the main body of the excursionists above.

Coming home, we were passed by the steamer "Stonington," and no one who saw that gayly-laden, snow-white prow, would suppose that but a few short weeks since, it had launched into eternity more than half a hundred souls.

At about tea time the first landing was made on the homeward trip, and sometime later the second, but it was after dark before the last port was reached, and the last passenger safely landed.

It is with pleasure that we acknowledge the success of the excursion, and extend our congratulations to the various committees upon the results.

## NOTICES.

Quarterly services for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Albany, Sunday the 25th inst, at 2:30 P.M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will officiate.

Rev. A. W. Mann expects to hold services at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M., at St. John's Church, on Sunday, August 1st. It being the first Sunday of the month, there will be a celebration of the Holy Communion. The morning service will be dismissed in time for the communicants to participate through sign interpretation.

Sunday School for Catholic deaf-mutes will be held in the large hall of St. Francis Xavier's College, West 16th Street, between 5th and 6th Avenues. It will be open every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, for the benefit of Catholic deaf-mutes.

Rev. Job Turner is to hold service on Sunday, July 25th, in Henniker, N.H. Deaf-mutes in the neighbouring towns, as well as in Henniker, will be cordially invited. Any of them wishing to stop at a hotel can have cheap board.

Providence permitting, the Rev. A. W. Mann will hold services at the usual hours, at St. Ann's Church, New York, on Sunday, August 8th, and at St. Stephen's, Philadelphia, on Sunday, the 15th.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Miss Lizzie Noble is visiting her friend, Miss Louisa Clum, in New Jersey.

Mr. W. J. Gorman left Carthage, Miss., a week ago, and is now at his home in Jackson, Miss.

Five pupils still remain at the Mississippi Institution, not having funds to carry them home.

Mr. Herman Erbe spent a day or two with his old schoolmate, C. C. Roberts, of Harlem, N. Y., recently.

M. R. Palmer, of Coxsackie, N. Y., is spending the summer fishing for pollywogs in a ditch, just back of his house.

"Geraldine" regrets Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson could not come up with the others, as we had a most enjoyable evening.

Miss Leonora Gray expects to start for Cincinnati about the middle of August. She will attend the National Convention.

Mr. Herman Erbe and Mrs. Roberts called on Miss C. E. Rosh, of Brooklyn, on Sunday, the 11th, and passed a pleasant evening.

Miss Lizzie Barstow, of Philadelphia, and Miss Annabelle Kent, of Gloversville, are at Ocean Grove, N. J., for the summer.

Miss Leedom, a semi-mute lady, who works for Mrs. Lovett, of Yardsville, Pa., as a seamstress, is stopping in Bucks Co., Pa., for the summer.

President Gallaudet and Prof. Denison, of the National Deaf-Mute College, sailed for Europe on the 14th inst., to attend the Milan Congress.

An eastern correspondent desires to know if the New York Institution is provided with a visitors attendant, or any one to tend the front door bell.

Mr. Hathaway, of the New York Institution, who intended to go to the National College next September, has changed his mind and will wait until next year.

L. W. Saunders' family will visit four mutes in Oxford, Miss., next week, after which they will visit six mutes in Kosiuko, Miss. They expect a nice time.

J. B. Herman, who is considered the best shoemaker at the New York Institution, has obtained employment in a shoe factory in Buffalo. We wish him success.

"Little Giant" left something behind him when he and Iris Derby spent that "notable" evening in Harlem. If he sends his address to "Geraldine," she will forward it.

Edward Dunlap, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is enjoying his vacation by making frequent trips to Coney Island. He will resume work soon in the glass establishment where he was employed last fall.

Mr. Ira H. Derby, of Weymouth, Mass., has issued a pamphlet, "The History of the First School for Deaf-Mutes of America." It is an interesting work. Mr. Derby is a deaf or semi-mute.

"Lester Montrose" expects to call on "Josephine Orangeblossom" when he visits Boston. "L. M." and "J. O." are old friends. "Lester" has seen "Mignon's" portrait, and knows how sweet she is.

Richard A. Gelder, of Williams, Ia., was married on June 2d, to the widow of the late Robert G. Harkness. Both are deaf-mutes. Rev. John Dolph, pastor of the M. E. Church, performed the ceremony.

Miss Mary Fullman, who has been at the Home Institution during the past year, has returned home, and is staying with Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bristol, at Argyle. She will remain until September.

"Hub" would like to have a library of their own at their hall, but the unsavory reputation left by G. N. Boves, so demoralized the confidence of the public, that it is not deemed advisable at present to try to start the library.

On account of poor health Miss George A. Loomis, of New York City, is boarding for a few weeks with Hattie E. Wilson, of Easton, Conn. We hope she will be so far improved as to enable her to return to school at Hartford, in the fall.

Charles Letts, of Parish, N. Y., has procured the position as assistant devil in the *Mirror* office, of this place, and in a recent letter to a friend discloses the astonishing fact that he knows everything about the art, and can do anything from picking up "pi" and washing the foreman's baby, to slinging type in a stick like a veteran.

Edward Dunlap went over to New York with W. Ennis to see their friends who work in a cracker bakery, last week. Their names are Alex. Dendorf, W. Frey, and Partington. The last named said he would like to run for President of the United States this year, as the Green-back Candidate. He wants to know what is the meaning of the words "Lady-Killer," which the other employees always call him. Will some one explain it in the next issue.

Prof. John C. Bull, of the Hartford Asylum, is dead.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet expects to sail for Europe about the middle of August.

Hugh Taft, a former supervisor of the New York Institution, paid the boys a visit last week.

Prof. D. Greenberger and family, are at Saratoga. They will probably remain there all the summer.

W. D. Munger, a pupil of the 44th street Inst., whose home is in Bridgeport, was present at the M. L. A. Excursion.

Will Mr. Chester Q. Mann please send his address to the JOURNAL, and oblige a friend who desires to communicate with him?

John Lloyd, Jr., a pupil of the New York Institution, has obtained work for the vacation, in a card establishment in New York City.

Miss Prudence Lewis, Matron of the New York Institution, left for Oxford, N. Y., on Monday, July 19th, to be gone until September.

There were but nine mutes present at the service conducted by Mr. Lewis, at St. Andrew's Church, Harlem, on Sunday, July 18th.

Mr. C. F. Manville has been stopping in Denver since last winter, for recreation. He is a very well educated and high-toned aristocrat.

Since the discontinuance of the bible-class and prayer meeting at Chandler Hall, Boston, the mutes linger there after morning service to enjoy social chats with each other.

The Wednesday evening meetings at Chandler Hall, Boston, partake more the nature of a Young Men's Club, and it is not considered the thing for the deaf-mute ladies to attend these meetings.

Mr. M. Coyne declined to join the late strike of the brick-layers in Denver, and his boss, upon hearing of it, was much pleased and increased his wages.

One of our Western subscribers wants us to publish the following in the itemizer:—"The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, edited by E. A. Hodgson, is spoken of highly everywhere, and is the best of all deaf-mute papers."

Recently, Miss Mary C. Alden passed a very pleasant day in company with her old schoolmate, Mrs. F. C. Davis, at Oakland Garden, Boston. They witnessed the novel and interesting spectacle of a woman in a glass tank of water, eating bananas.

Upon the arrival of the barge, chartered by the M. L. A. for their picnic, at Twenty-fifth St., on her return trip, John Green, a mute slightly under the weather, was knocked down by an unknown person. The only damage sustained was a colored optic.

The newly made bride, Mrs. F. C. Davis, attends Sunday service at Chandler Hall, Boston, regularly. She is indeed an acquisition to the deaf-mute society in Boston, and her gentle, refined influences, will make itself felt for good among the mutes there.

Frank W. Nuber, a young and promising deaf-mute of New York, is working on the farm of Jas. Bissett, of South River, N. J. Mr. Bissett is the father of A. W. Bissett, who was at one time a pupil of the 44th street Inst., and at another of the N. Y. Inst.

John S. C. Abbott, the father of Gorham D. Abbott, wrote nearly one hundred volumes, mostly history and biography. If the mutes would peruse these volumes, they would not only obtain a vast fund of useful knowledge, but also greatly improve and enlarge their vocabulary.

Mr. E. E. Marden, the Boston mutes' interpreter, made a visit to his intimate friend, Mr. R. D. Livingstone, at the Alvord House recently, and they both made an excursion to Morrison. They left Denver for Breckenridge to see Mr. L.'s mine and thence to Buena Vista and Leadville, on the 10th, to be gone for several days.

That gallant cavalier, Mr. Aleden F. Osgood, of Natick, Mass., leads the van in favor of the woman's vote. He predicts that before the present century expires woman will be allowed to vote. Will not "Angie Fuller," "Minnehaha" and others, let us read something from their gifted pens upon this interesting subject?

Mr. Thomas Breen, of Philadelphia, Pa., has not heard from or seen his brother John, in four years. He thinks he resides in either Buffalo or Rochester or some other northern New York city. Their mother has recently died, and Thomas would be pleased if John would forward his address to the JOURNAL, in order that he may communicate with him concerning the sad event.

The passengers on board a train bound for Leadville recently had a very considerable shaking up in the night, at about 2 o'clock, when near Grant, about 100 miles from Denver; and it was by a narrow chance that serious consequences did not ensue. The engine collided with another engine connected with freight cars for the East, and got smashed. Mr. R. D. Livingstone was a passenger on that train for the West.

Mr. O. J. Kennedy, son of Hon. J. R. Kennedy, Supt. of the Deaf-Mute Institute at Colorado Springs, a very promising, intelligent and fine looking fellow, was in Denver to see Mr. R. D. Livingstone the other day, and they went to Boulder. Mr. Kennedy and his friend, John Simmons, of Golden, tried to take a 75 mile tramp to Denver from Colorado Springs, but they gave up after arriving at Divide, and took the train.

The old M. E. Church, of Naples, N. Y., is being torn down and a new church will be erected on the site it now occupies. Mr. Henry Fessenden, a deaf-mute, was appointed to engross a subscription paper to be deposited in the corner stone of the new church. His brother, Mr. A. T. Fessenden, is an active worker in the cause of the church, and is one of a committee appointed to secure the Town Hall for holding service in, during the erection of the new edifice.

On Saturday, July 10th, Mr. John Schmitt, of Saugerties, N. Y., went to Albany, where he held service in St. Paul's Church, on Sunday at 2:30 P.M. He was the guest of John Southwick, a deaf-mute of intelligence, and was very glad to see Prof. Edwin Southwick, a popular politician, and a graduate of the N. Y. Inst., where he was a general favorite. He is spending his vacation in Albany with his brother John, and contemplates visiting the Catskill Mts., and Long Branch.

The visitor in Boston cannot but notice a great change and improvement since the time E. N. Boves, and other rascals, held undisputed sway. This improvement is mainly attributed to the energetic and persevering efforts of that sturdy champion of reform and progress, Mr. John T. Tillingham, whose ardent interest in the welfare of mutes becomes more and more apparent, and by the union of intelligent, aspiring mutes for their own advancement. Mr. Tillingham hopes to accomplish much good in the near future. Let the old fogies clear the track.

Love-making and flirting held full sway at the excursion last Tuesday.

The morning of the day the M. L. A.'s excursion took place, was pretty cool, but as the day advanced it became very hot, and also did the tempers of some of the excursionists.

A special to the Cincinnati Enquirer, of yesterday, from Connersville, Ind., stated that William Nicholson, a deaf-mute, about forty years of age, was run over by a freight train at Lyon's Station, the day previous, and killed, July 16th.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone expects to go to Colorado Springs some time this week, and thence to Mantion, where he expects to enjoy drinking water from the Soda and Ute Iron Springs. Gen. Grant is expected there in a few days.

Margaret Moore, 65 years old, residing at 7 Campbell's Court, near Sixth and Fritzwart Streets, was run over and perhaps fatally crushed by car 70 of the Union Passenger Railway at the Seventh street and Passaic avenue curve, at ten o'clock last night. The old lady was very deaf, and at the Pennsylvania Hospital said the accident was her own fault for trying to run across the street ahead of the car. Both limbs and one hand were mangled.—Philadelphia Times.

Messrs. William Ennis and Edward Dunlap, both of Brooklyn, N. Y., last week visited the Brooklyn Mayor's office and many public offices, with their friend, Daniel Farrell, who works in the office of the Mayor as a clerk. He introduced the visitors to ex-Judge Fisher, the Mayor's Secretary and many prominent men in the building. W. Ennis' cousin, John, works in the building as a messenger. The visitors were very much pleased, and thanked Mr. Farrell for his kindness in entertaining them.

After nearly two months' delightful sojourn in Boston, Miss Myra E. Alden was summoned home. She had made arrangements to attend the picnic at Beverly in company with Mr. Geo. Homes, and was much disappointed in not being able to do so; also in being obliged to relinquish her engagements to visit old schoolmates and friends at Salem, Newburyport, Saco and Portland; but hopes to meet all these friends and many others at the forthcoming Convention of the New England Gallaudet Association.

BASE BALL.—On the 5th inst. the Professional base ball club went to the Stillville and received a scorching defeat from the first nine of that place. It was the first game they have played this season, and they had very little practice severally and not any as a club.

The mute catcher of the Professionals, Henry Stengels, has returned from the deaf and dumb institute in New York, bringing with him the schoolmate, M. McFaul, reputed to be an excellent pitcher.—Evening Register, Hudson, N. Y.

Friday morning Officer Harris run in a coffee colored American on the charge of being an imposter. He had been out all day begging, and claiming that he was a deaf-mute. It appears that he has been practicing this game at Hamilton, Dayton, and other places. At Hamilton he was looked up until he did talk, and a gentleman of that place who was here remembered the circumstances and the man. After being looked up, a drunken man was put in with him, who soon learned him how to talk. Saturday morning he had an interview with Mayor Eckman, who gave him just one hour to leave town, which he did. He pretends to be near-sighted as well as mute and deaf. In size he is about five feet four inches, wears a coarse suit of clothes, carries a basket and sledge, and can talk as well as any one. Pass him around. He is a fraud of the first water.—Cincinnati Gazette.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTRUCTION.—Mr. B. Mathison, Superintendent of the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is sending circulars to every county in Ontario, with a view of ascertaining the number of deaf-mutes who have not been sent to the Institute, and who have never received any instruction. He has received replies from only about half the counties, and has the benefit of an education so generously provided for them by the Government. Mr. Mathison believes there are not less than 300 such persons in the Province, and intends to use every means possible to induce their parents, guardians, etc., to send them to the Institute. It is probable that when all the mutes of Ontario are under instruction, there will be fully five hundred attending the Provincial Institution. There are at present only 237 under instruction. All deaf-mutes between the age of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents of the Province will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year. Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, are charged the sum of \$50 per year for board. Tuition, books and medical attendance are furnished free. Deaf-mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay, the amount charged for board will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends, except in the cases of indigent orphans, who are clothed by the Province. The trades of carpentering, cabinet-making, and shoe-making are taught to the boys; the female pupils are taught in general domestic work, sewing, knitting, the use of the sewing machine, and such ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable. It is to be hoped that all will take advantage of the Institution.—Peterboro Examiner.

A QUIET BUT INTERESTING PICNIC.—A re-union and picnic of present and former pupils of the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb at Frederick City was held yesterday in Druid Hill Park. About 150 mutes were present with a number of friends, in all 300 persons. These picnic are got up annually by Miss Annie B. Barry. Mr. William R. Barry, member of the State board of direction, was in charge. Prof. C. W. Ely, principal of the school, was prevented from attending by indisposition. The occasion was much enjoyed by all, and the participants were lively and vivacious. The day was spent in boating, swinging and other amusements. These reunions vary the monotonous lives of the mutes, and are looked forward to as the traveler of the desert anticipates the oasis. They seldom see each other except on these occasions. The gathering yesterday included those from as far north as Washington county, and as far south as Talbot county. Numbers of them from a distance spent a day or two with their friends in Baltimore. Those on the ground yesterday varied in age from thirty to eighty years. Those still at school were from eight to twenty-one years of age. The school term is seven years. Among those present graduates of the institution were butchers, printers, book-binders, cigar-makers, shoemakers, cabinet-makers; the girls do sewing, photograph painting, etc. The institution is supplied by the State with funds sufficient to educate all the deaf-mutes of the State. Although a young institution, it ranks second to none of its kind in the country. At the close of the school in June there were 98 scholars, but there are more applications on file now for admission than ever before.—Baltimore Sun, July 15th.

Rev. Mr. Mann expects to be at Mattoon, Ill., on Monday, July 26th, and hold a service.

The mutes of Cleveland and vicinity are talking of having a picnic during the present summer.

Mr. John Simmons returned to Colorado Springs from his visit to his folks in Golden, recently.

The picnic at Bellevue House, of the children of Mr. McGregor's school, was favored with good weather, and was a very enjoyable affair.

## Harvestings from Ohio.

THE DEAF-MUTE PICNIC AT CINCINNATI—"WE, US & CO." TAKE IT IN—PERSONAL NOTES AND COMMENTS—REMARKS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"Pack the well worn Saratoga, Pack it full of summer wear, Pack it tight with gauzy dresses, What though Richard raved and swear, What is life without twelve dresses, On Long Branch's breezy beach, What's a husband's best caresses, If one's any less to wear Than any woman there?"

Our initials are—From *Alfa* to Omega. "Baby Mine," are you one of those gab-room girls?

*Alfa*, how's *Lester*? of course you "know whereof you speak."

"We, Us & Co." looks like L. D. W., R. P., or C. M. R. "Where did you see our 'phiz,' "Hieronymus?"

We haven't a line yet concerning the blessings of a Re-union. Now don't be bashful, boys! Speak out.

Sometime ago "Sly" said: "We positively refuse to attend the Convention, if held in Cincinnati," and with an audacity unequalled, says in the last number of the JOURNAL, "have purchased a fifteen dollar plug hat and a cane. Getting ready." "Oh, consistency, thou art a Jew-ell!"

Considerable curiosity having arisen in the minds of several of 'em, as to the age of *Miss "Mignon,"* we are prepared to state positively that the "piquant and bright writer," and *charming* *Miss*, is sweet sixteen past. Now take your turns young men, at popping the question. Don't press your suit too ardently. Give the girl a fair chance. If this is not part of woman's rights, what is?

J. C. Barkley; the "war hoss" who smelteth the battle from afar off," tries to exonerate Vance, because he belongs to his "circus," and hints that "We, Us & Co." had better quit writing for the JOURNAL if not in the interests of his crowd. We write in the interests of mutes who have a little common sense, and of those who do not try to be "ruler of the universal earth." Why did not Vance send in an explanation, if he did not write that article. "A silent man is his own accuser." His letter is only a thin excuse to get him out of the same hole he went in. "J. C. B." merely gives himself away, when he says: "There is no danger of further interruption, etc." A more plausible explanation is needed. In his own language, we repeat, "You should not say any more about it until you learn better." If someone one would inject a peck of brains in his head and then wear him, we would see an improvement in his writings.

How doubly blessed that place would be Where all might dwell in liberty, Free from the bitter misery, Of gossip's endless prattling."

Sunday, July 11th, we left Springfield for the Queen City, taking our baggage, which consisted of a pint bottle and a paper collar. As the train went only as far as Dayton, on Sunday, we passed the time in that city, with Mr. and Mrs. Hartfield, till the time for the departure of the next train, which left at 3 A.M. The scenery along the route was magnificent, grand and sublime, (we say this because no body would believe us unless we said so) quite an improvement on what it used to be. It would have been better could we have seen it, at least the brakeman told us so, and as we did not want to appear "stuck up," we believed it.

We engaged a suite of rooms at the Emery Hotel. Taking the Vine Street Cars, we came to the Bellevue House, the place where the Deaf-Mute Picnic was held. No pleasanter place where one can "go off" to Morpheus, dance to their hearts' content, list to the viol's sound, sport a cane, worship Bacchus, blow out the gas, have a pleasant *chit chat*, etc., can be found in the great city of Sin-sin-burg, than this same hill-top resort; which speaks well for the management of the Local Committee in selecting this charming spot for the National Convention. With such a place for the meeting, and a little of everything to engage ones' attention, the Convention will be a re-union which every one who attends will feel doubly repaid for the trouble taken to be present.

In the forenoon, probably sixty or seventy mutes were only in attendance, and it was not till 4 P.M. that the real holiday began. From that time till 9 o'clock, a constant stream of pre-arranged humanity poured in. The total attendance calculated from gate receipts, was over 2,500 persons, 130 of whom were mutes. Thanks to a beneficent Providence, nothing happened to mar the harmony of the occasion. A bountiful repast was spread out at 6 P.M. of which all partook, after which music, and the trip of the "light fantastic" were continued without intermission till midnight.

Among the celebrities present, we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Vail, of Madison, Ind., Mr. and Mrs. Schoolfield, of Danville, Ky., Mr. R. P. McGregor, Mr. J. K. T. Hoagland and wife, Miss Lucy M. Cook, Mrs. Lewis Flemmer and many others, which, like the list on an auction sale bill, are "too numerous to mention."

In the evening, we noticed Mr. Vance. In reply to an inquiry con-

cerning that article of his, Vance remarked casually that Mr. McGregor was "the right man in the right place," and that he would manage the Convention to everybody's satisfaction.

"Did you have anything to do with the writing of that communication concerning your chairmanship?" we asked.

To which he replied that he knew what he was about at the time he sent it in for publication. This settles Barkley's hash, who is trying to exonerate him.

On every hand we heard complaints from hotel keepers as to the audacity of Fred, the tramp, in procuring free board. On the strength of the National Convention to be held there, and representing himself as at his head, promising them a splendid patronage from the mutes during Convention time, he has for the month past, been living off others, and practicing a deception which, if he were brought to justice, would be punishable by years in the "Pen." He does not deny any of those statements by "Lord Roscoe," but on the contrary, seems to take a degree of pride in the amount of fadamantine facial surface he possesses. The picnic over, we returned to our hotel. When we were all laid out that night, our room would have thrilled the soul of a Coroner with joy. It looked for all the world like a morgue, and needed but a lump of ice to each corpse. We fervently wished that need had been supplied. The mercury swam among the nineties all night long. Our beds were but little wider than the back of an ordinary table knife. They were described by the landlord as sponge mattresses. We would like to know where they were sponged. Ours felt as though it had been stuffed with oyster cans and bricks, and other brick-yard fruit. We didn't get into it until two o'clock in the morning, and then were up again at 4:30. The flies wanted it and we found much more comfort in letting them have it than in trying to keep it ourselves.

When we came to settle our bill, the genial manager fined us \$6 per day for the unpardonable idiocy of having had anything to do with the place.

Our experience in a hunt for breakfast the first morning, after leaving the morgue, was disheartening. We went into a large place on Vine Street, and tried to catch a waiter. We sat there trying exactly fifty minutes by the watch. Then we gave it up. We forcibly grabbed a negro attache, as he rushed past to get an order from a man who had just entered.

"See here," said we, "get us a twenty-five cent check. We have been sitting here so long we don't want to leave without paying something. They will think we are trying to cheat them. Get us a twenty-five cent check, and we will pay it and go."

He went at once and got it, and we paid it. They took the money, of course.

There is another restaurant a little farther



Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

"COLUMBUS."

HE IS SEIZED WITH THE INTERVIEWING PROCESS—PROF. STEWARD FALLS A VICTIM TO HIS HOOK, WHO MILDLY SUBMITS AND UNBOSOMS HIMSELF 'ON DEAF-MUTE MATTERS—THE NATIONAL CONVENTION, AND HIS OPINIONS THEREON—BASE BALL MATTERS, AND OTHER GENERALITIES.

Items for this week's letter being a little scarce we concluded to interview Prof. J. D. H. Steward, and endeavor to draw from him some points of interest he may have picked up during his recent trip to the eastern part of the State. For this purpose, we called at his residence the other day. We luckily found him at home, and were invited to a seat in his cozy parlor.

Having drawn forth our Faber No. 2 and some paper, we propounded the following:

"Mr. Steward, as you have but lately returned from a pleasure trip to the eastern part of the State, will you oblige the readers of the JOURNAL with any items of interest you may have picked up?"

"Mr. B. W. Frazier, who was recently married to Miss Pickeler, the youngest teacher at our Institution during last term, is in very comfortable circumstances. The homestead which they now occupy with Mr. F.'s aged mother, fronts directly on the old National Road, which was the great thoroughfare of the traveling public before the "iron horse" supplanted the slow going stage. The place is well located, within plain sight of Bridgeport and about a mile and a half from the Ohio River, which meanders its way through a succession of hills, giving the scenery about a pleasant variety.

"Mr. Frazier farms during the summer, and hauls coal and stone in the winter months, when there is a good demand for these materials. Like a good farmer, Mr. F., shortly after his return home, exchanged his wedding suit to one becoming a Granger in independent circumstances, and went to work harvesting his grain—which required immediate attention—with a hearty will.

"His happy bride is to be congratulated in securing such a husband and such a home, with its pleasant surroundings.

"In their honor, an ice cream party was gotten up one evening at the residence of Amos Osborn, on Wheeling Island, which is situated in the Ohio River. Among those present, were thirteen guests, including the well known G. W. Steenrod and wife.

"A very pleasant time was had at the gathering. Mr. Osborn has an intelligent mute daughter, of pleasing appearance and manners. She has spent five or six years in the Roman, W. Va., Institution. Mr. Osborn's first wife was a sister of Mr. Frazier.

"I had a pleasant stroll about the island with Mr. O., who furnished me with some interesting information about the place. The island forms part of the city of Wheeling, and, if I am not mistaken, Mr. O. said it was known as the Seventh Ward. It is more widely known, however, as Zane's Island, so called after the name of the family who owned and settled upon the place a century ago. The family occupies a very prominent position in the early history of Wheeling, in connection with bloody encounters with prowling savages, who then infested the neighborhood, and who were bent on exterminating the intrusive whites. The island is connected with Wheeling by an old suspension bridge, built thirty or forty years ago. It contains about four hundred acres, and on account of the high toll charged on the bridge, the island has not been improved as much as it might have been. I saw an ancient looking orchard which would be more becoming such a place if it were ten or twenty miles back into the country, than here, surrounded by the heat of trade and activity.

"If the Zane family, who originally owned the ferry between the Ohio and Virginia sides, had retained possession of the island at the time of the erection of the ponderous iron bridge over the river, they could, to-day, count millions of dollars among their assets. Unfortunately, dissipation swallowed up the greater part of their possessions, only about twenty acres of the original grant being left them to-day.

"Mr. Steenrod occupies a good portion of the paternal domain, which formerly consisted of 1,500 or 1,600 acres. He resides on a healthy portion of his land, about fifty rods from the old National Road, across Wheeling Creek.

"A beautiful winding valley sweeps eastward till lost among high hills. Stretching across it are fine farm houses, and there can be seen now and then, elegant country seats, occupied by wealthy business men, who seek quiet and recreation away from the noise and smoke of Wheeling.

"Mr. and Mrs. Steenrod have had good fortune in casting their lot in such pleasant surroundings. The amount of land now owned by Mr. S. is nearly 200 acres. Several years ago he disposed of a piece of land to an association, which erected a fine Catholic Convent for school and musical purposes. It enjoys a wide patronage on account of superior facilities it affords for those craving a finished education in these branches."

"Mr. and Mrs. S. are well known for their agreeable and social manners, and are well respected all around.

"I saw the old homestead of the family, now occupied by a brother-in-law of Mr. S. It lies on the old pike. In times long gone by, such distinguished persons as Clay, Santa Anna, Benton, and others, found lodgings at this wayside tavern. A street railway extends from Wheeling along the valley of Wheeling Creek to a finely situated grove, called "Elm Grove," five or six miles from the city. A good view of the passing cars can be had from Mr. S.'s house.

"There are fifteen or twenty mutes living in Wheeling and suburbs. The most prominent among them are McMecher and Watson, young men just beginning life, one as a printer and the other as a mason.

"I called on Marion Littleton at Bellaire. He was educated at the Ohio Institution. For a number of years he has been employed at an extensive nail mill. The mill has not been in operation for some weeks, and Mr. L. is turning his leisure to good account by enclosing a lot with a board fence, with a view of building a house on it next spring. The lot is on a hill side commanding a good view of the Ohio River and craft of various kinds passing up and down stream. He has been laying by something for rainy days.

"The value of the property owned by Mr. Frazier may be set down at somewhere between \$50,000 and \$100,000.

"Mr. Steenrod is already down the slope of life, creeping up to seventy, but is as full of vim and snap as ever.

"Mr. S.'s son, who lives with him in the same house, is something like a dutiful son—bearing on his shoulders the burdens of the management of the well ordered farm. He married, last winter, a lady of amiable disposition. She assists in household duties with the air and carriage of a well beloved daughter."

"Does Mr. Steenrod intend to be present at the National Deaf-Mute Convention?"

"He expects to attend it if possible."

"Any other mutes in that section who will attend?"

"Not that I could learn."

"Mr. Steward, will you be numbered among those in attendance at the Convention?"

"That is a matter of doubt with me."

"What is your idea of holding such a Convention? Do you think any good will come from it which will benefit the deaf and dumb in any way?"

"I have almost no definite idea of the aim and drift of such a Convention. Therefore, I should not like venturing a well-conceived opinion on this point. If it should happen that subjects bearing upon the welfare of mutes as a peculiar class, should be brought to the surface for intelligent discussion, it would suggest something of a Social Science Convention. In this case, it might put in tangible shape subjects calculated to promote the importance of the various positions in life assigned to mutes in general."

After a short social chat on general matters with Mr. S. and his lady, your correspondent returned his thanks to the Professor for the trouble he had put him to, and then bade them adieu.

GENERALITIES.

Mr. Lewis W. Flenniker was among those here who attended the Cincinnati Deaf-Mute Picnic. He reports it as having been a big affair, and passed off in the best of order. One hundred and fifty mutes and three thousand speaking people enjoyed its pleasures. Messrs. Mann, Vail, and quite a number of mutes from abroad, were present.

Miss Lucy Cook, one of the teachers in the Cincinnati Deaf-Mute School, has handed in her resignation. We may next hear of a wedding on the tapis. The fortunate suitor will not be one of "Em College Boys." We know him, but never mind, just now, his name.

The Independents, after their game in Cincinnati in which they were worsted, mainly by errors on the part of one of the members, threw up the sponge and disbanded. In the two games they played at Findlay, they won one and lost the other. We have forgotten the score, but it makes no matter now as the interest in the club has waned. Mr. Pratt, the manager, left the club after their games at Findlay and came home, owing to continual illness, caused by frequent changes of diet and water. He had intended to join the club again after their game in Cincinnati, but was informed that the club had concluded to break up.

Various causes are assigned for this sudden change of base, chief of which are that the games where they were played did not draw well, and hence the club would, ere long, have a reputation of its last years' ill luck. It is also claimed that they were not treated as they should have been in some places, being regarded with suspicion, which may be due to the influence of other clubs who had visited the place where the Independents played. Much difficulty was experienced in getting their share of gate money at one or two places. Another reason for the breaking up of the club is said to have been caused by insubordination of several of its members to the manager.

The club did not play as well this year as it did last season. But the reason of this is, that the members lacked the drill and order which was witnessed last year, and which gave its friends such strong hopes for the future. Had it kept up this, the demoralization which has now visited it, could have been avoided. It is not

likely that the club will ever be heard of again.

In this connection, it is proper to say that the members of the club, as named, have no connection with the Independents of the Institution, the latter being composed of pupils only, while the former are graduates of the Institution, who formerly were connected with the Independents.

Mr. C. M. Rice, formerly connected with the College, was at the Institution, Wednesday. His face and hands would lead one to believe that he had joined the Grangers for all time to come.

Allen F. Clader, educated at the Pennsylvania Institution, was here during this week. He is nearsighted, and says he was a classmate of Mr. Cullingworth. He recently returned from Colorado where he worked for a man who, as he says, cheated him out of several hundred dollars. He had been visiting a couple of weeks at the Dayton (Ohio) National Soldiers Home, where his father is an inmate. He wanted to obtain work here to earn enough money to take him to Philadelphia.

To-day, Mr. H. C. Filler, for the past two years Steward of the Institution, stepped out, and Mr. G. W. Wakefield, in. This is in accordance with the action of the Board of Trustees, taken some time ago. The old engineer and night watchman were also succeeded by new men.

COLUMBUS.

July 15, 1880.

Repartee (?) from Mignon.

"When 'We, Us & Co' was a little tad he served a term, As office boy to an attorney's firm, He cleaned the windows, and he swept the floor, And he polished up the handle of the big front door; He polished up that handle so careful, so careful, That now he is the ruler of the Queen's navy."

Say, "Josephine," let us play the role of weeping willow at the Convention, so "We, Us & Co., will have charity and give us \$10 apiece. It would be just too awful nice, and we could get us a lovely torquous ring, with a square set. I want one woeful bad, don't you?"

Why do we use the plural "we." Well, you're sensible; we use it simply because we are too modest to use the pronoun "I."

"Want to be born men?" Ugh! Bah! I stuff! We wouldn't be a man for half a cent.

A near relation to George Washington, indeed! Why, we thought all along that you were own cousin to him who dwells in subterranean caverns.

Saw us weeping on the steps of a brown stone front did you? We're afraid you are mistaken there. It must have been on the railing of one of the balconies at Hotel Enterprise.

We have not got a love of a bonnet yet, but expect to have it by Convention time. The measles left us about six hairs on a side, and we do not want to get the bonnet until the blonde wig is forthcoming, and then, O then we will gaily sing.

We are mistress Mignon of Broadway square; We wear fine clothes and we crimp our hair, And how the gentlemen do at us stare, at us stare, Whenever we don our velvet suit and dashing air.

You went in a palace, hotel car. O my, how nice. We have not yet tasted the luxury of either hotel or drawing-room cars; awful, ain't it? But we have been on many a fine steamer where there were some awfully accommodating mates.

We are only too glad that there are no tunnels on the Indianapolis lines. They are horrid old things. We passed through one once coming out from Cincinnati, and Goodness! Gracious!!

May we ask the cognomen of that young friend of yours, from Aurora, who is an ardent admirer of things beautiful.

Talk about Tennyson quoting; and he is a born poet too. We never heard the like before, and doubt if others ever did.

No, we have never read "Beautiful snow," but we have read something like this:

"Yes, out in the street, In the wind and sleet I will go, Do you see the prints of my shoeless feet. Ah! follow them down the snow paved street If you wish to know Where I'm forced to go, Poor but proud, I'll beg nor steal, God knows I feel The heavy weight of poverty's heel."

But why talk about snow in July weather?

By the way why didn't you wear your red and yellow bandanna, as the hotel car was whirled by the Indiana Institution? All the stylish young men do, that is they most generally always did when we happened to be in the Conservatory. We don't believe you are a bit stylish. Now you needn't say you'll bite; it won't help the matter one bit, and you couldn't frighten us any to speak of, which is a great deal. When we were coming home from Indianapolis, there was just the awfulest, nicest, immentest, little brown-haired fellow, with the cutest little tuft of brownie soft down on his upper lip, sat behind us. He was just polite enough to kill, and so nice to us. We were wondering if it mightn't be a member of your company, but when he got off, we cast one long lingering look behind and concluded that he was directly too stylish to belong to that muscular organization of yours.

"We, Us & Co." wonderful trip to "She caw go" ought to be sufficient to convince one and all

"How much the dance that's been to Rome, Exceeds the dance who stays at home."

You had better be silent in regard to my "thingembobs, feathers," etc. For "I'm a girl of style you'll see, and

everywhere I go all the gent look at me, whether I walk or slow."

"Hocin 'taters, carryin' he you have blue blood in your haven't you?"

"A wit's a feather and a chief's a rod. An honest-workman is the noblest work of God."

Bless you, no; we won't worry over trifles light as air.

No, indeed, we have no connections with "Kendall Green," by audiphone, telephone, dentaphone or any other kind of a "phone." Ask us no more such questions, and we will tell no lies.

We do not know of a family, Cross by name (and nature), residing at Indianapolis. We know of a baker's dozen, more or less, living round about Laporte.

We deaf and dumb girls desire to express our profoundest thanks to His imperial Highness, "Lord Montrose," of the city of Chicago, for unveiling the jolly old bachelors.

"Grown up men are catchy catches."

"Josephine," why doth silence reign supreme? Are you "miffed?" I'm sorry if you are, and craves your pardon. If you'll forgive me and let bygones be bygones, I'll be generous and let you dance the first set with "Lester Montrose," and make the on-lookers exclaim:

"Her little feet beneath her petticoat, Like little mice steal in and out As if they feared the light, But oh, she dances such a way, No sun upon an Easter day, Is half so fine a sight."

We hope that Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, of the Minnesota Institution, will take in the Convention. We had the pleasure of meeting them both "once upon an evening dreary." Thought them so nice.

The suicide of Horace Spencer was so sad.

We shall be disappointed and awfully so if Monsieur Sansom fails to grace the Convention with his presence. We wish to see him very, very much.

Won't some of the boys "whistle for a freeze" when the Convention is ready to open wide its arms, so Mrs. Jas. Park will think it is getting cool, and come "down to the Convention."

We hope "Josephine," "Geraldine," and "Deaf and Dumb Girl" haven't golden hair, because—why cause, we haven't, and painters always beautify it on their canvases. The young men rave over it, poets sing of it, and one says:

"An arch coquette is the bright brunette, Bylthe and merry and gay, Her love may last till the summer is past, But my blonde is forever an aye. If hard as old truth have told; The sirens have raven hair, But o'er the earth, since art had birth, They paint the angels fair."

Will Mr. Simpson please send a circular or a letter containing the hows, whys, wherefores, of cetera, of the St. Louis Day School, to Mrs. L. W. Nettleton, 2329 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. She has a lovely daughter—Mamie, who is deaf, and wishes to know all about the school.

Here goes the dinner bell, but of course we didn't hear it; must stop. "Your truly, truly," "Till the stars grow old and the sun grows cold, and the leaves of the judgment book unfold."

MIGNONEE.

No. 0 Broadway, July 10, 1880.

Excursion Jottings.

Manhattan!

It was a jolly, rousing affair. Fully seven hundred people were present.

The M. L. A. is about \$75 richer than it was previous to July 13th. The JOURNAL enjoyed a Virginia Reel on the occasion.

Farley, Clarke & Co., exhibited a neat piece of work from their office, in the shape of the "Order of Dancing."

The pleasant countenances of Revs. Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. Chamberlain and Job Turner, were interesting features of the days' enjoyment.

"Archimedes" had a sweet time. Half a dozen girls on his arm all day. Oh "Archy," how will "Mignon" take it.

The much talked of "Building Fund" danced a Quadrille on the occasion, and we suppose enjoyed it.

We saw some other dancing, but of a queer character in which the fists did the work. We are sorry to be compelled to note this fact.

Either there was too much Greene aboard, or else the Police Committee were a queer set of fellows—at least the Chairman. Was there not some error in appointing him?

We have had reliable proof that New York possesses several excellent deaf-mute cooks.

We noticed Prof. Lloyd, wife and daughter enjoying themselves.

Prof. Van Tassel, of the Tarrytown Branch of the New York School, was present.

The Leader was represented in the person of its editor with his wife and young daughter.

Among those present from sister States, we conversed with Miss Jennie Lee, and Messrs. Newhall and Derby, of Massachusetts; Mr. Swett, of Maine; and Mr. Whitmeyer, of Pennsylvania.

Eighth Street witnessed a wonderful exodus on the morning of July 13th.

We learn that Messrs. Lowenstein and Heinemann carried off the honors in the sale of tickets. Between them they sold about \$100 worth.

The brilliant toilets of the ladies present reminded the bachelors that it was leap year.

Such was the crowded condition of the boat that dancing was but a farce. It is said that the speaking people had as much difficulty in hearing the

fresh pure air perpetually whichever way you fired of sitting? high the parlors and sits to the groups of are you lonely, wretched? Signalize out one blushing damsels—you a "Rosebud garden steamboat—and ask her life-preserver near at hand. answer you: "Oh! dear me, sit thee down near her,—so stupid, and crush her rosy,—and the occasion need not be celebrated by upsetting all the chairs in the neighborhood. So far right, now tell her that according to the "San-skrit Scripture," Man is the true protect of Woman, and she with a heart full of gratitude, will shed around you the halo of an Indian—a Summer Moon. There was on board a family of Chippewa Indians. We have met a good many Indians, but never any bearing so strongly the marks of civilization. The men had fine crops of burn-sides and mustache, quite a curiosity in the physiognomy of a son of the forest. I ventured to ask one if he could write. He surveyed me with a look of mingled contempt and indignation. I might have trembled with fear for the safety of my forelocks, but Time has already relieved me of them. So I simply remarked: "Ugh! me no hear. Me good friend, love red-man great much." He smiled a smile so broad it touched stem and stern. He wrote quite a nice hand, and said he came from one of the Indian Reservations in Canada, where there were some two millions of Indians following various occupations. Among the passengers was a John Bull, a true type of the old school of Englishmen. Upon learning that we were of Yorkshire blood, he hugged us until we were as thin as bean-poles, and then he stuffed us out again with numerous unmentionable delicacies. Up the St. Clair River, we had a fine view of both the Michigan and Canadian shores. The Canadian side was one vast swamp, covering many miles. Among the rank reeds and rushes we noticed many of those small horizontal boards, which adorn green lawns. What inscription they bore, we know not, though it is presumable the same old legend "Keep off the grass." At one place are two long rows of shade trees set out in the middle of the stream, forming an avenue of about two miles long, through which we passed. For want of a better name, we called it the Suez Canal, Jr. Boat club houses and resorts are scattered all along. In season the swampy land is the Paradise of wild duck. We reached Port Huron that evening and were received by anxiously waiting friends. We will not go into raptures over our two days' sojourn in Port Huron, or of what fun we had over in Canada, in the little town of Sarnia. We will never forget one thing, however, and that is the shave we got in Port Huron. The barber, a meek looking fellow, appeared incapable of a malicious design on our lives, though we will regard him with suspicion should he ever cross our path again. He covered our face with sour soft soap using a brush on which I counted twenty-seven hairs. He then dexterously scraped off soap, beard and skin, and finished the job with hair-oil and powder. Price 10 cents.

Before concluding, I will confess that my admiration for the "Rose of Eden" is materially diminished. True, of her it can be said:

"The bluest eye, the rosiest cheek, A lip like morning water, When on the flower and grass you have The Sun and dew together."

But she has too much muscle, for my personal comfort, I being only a slender youth, and when I indulged in those little "pleasantries" incident to such occasions, she took me across her knee, just as grandmother used to do, only instead of a slipper, she used her brother's cowhides. She is a nice girl, but then, you know, I'd rather be excused.

LORD ROSCOE.

The National Convention.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In response to your inquiry in the last number of the JOURNAL, I would say I have received very few notifications from mutes in New York, of their intention to attend the coming Convention. Most of the notifications came from the South and West. I have received about fifty directly (a good many of which you have already printed) but many more indirectly. But experience with Conventions, Re-unions, etc., goes to show that where one signifies his intention to attend, ten come without, as the great majority wait till the last moment before deciding whether to go or not.

As to railroad fares, it would be hard to get reduced rates from here to all points, owing to the very unreliable data to base estimates of the number expected, and where they are to come from. Railroad officials inform me that the best way would be for those intending to come to make up parties at certain points, and come together—such as you propose in your editorial—and in such cases no difficulty will be experienced in obtaining excursion rates. This has already been done by the Chicago mutes, and all starting from that point can come here and return for \$9.00, which is half the usual fare.

The prospects for the meeting are very encouraging. At present, I estimate the attendance will be between 250 and 300.

I have secured notice from some prominent mutes that they are preparing papers to be read, judging from the subjects and known reputation of the authors, will be of great interest and importance to us.

I would be pleased to have others, who contemplate presenting papers, to notify me, so that I can make up a list of names and subjects before the meeting.

The Local Committee will make all the necessary arrangements for the opening, and then resign everything into the hands of the Convention itself.

None need be deterred from coming on account of the lack of a programme cut and dried beforehand, for according to present indications, the proceedings will be of an exceedingly interesting and spicy character.

The Local Committee will not announce any excursions, etc., in advance, but it will have something to offer in that line which the Convention can accept or decline as it sees fit; and no harm will be done in either event.

R. P. MCGREGOR.  
CINCINNATI, O., July 14, 1880.

Wedding Bells.

THEY CHIME FOR CHARLES M. RICE AND ALICE I. GREGG, AND MAKE MERRY TWO HEARTS THAT NOW BEAT AS ONE.

Tuesday morning, June 15th, Mr. G. O. Fay married in the chapel of the Ohio Institution, Mr. Wesley B. Frazier and Miss Mary Pickeler. Yesterday, July 15th, he performed a similar ceremony for two others, at Delaware, Ohio.

The two fortunate or unfortunate ones—we hope a clear sky will always mark their course—that were pronounced one flesh yesterday, were Mr. Charles M. Rice, late a student in the National College, and Miss Alice I. Gregg, a pupil of the Institution up to June last.

This sudden turn of affairs, surprised nearly every one about, as nothing of the kind was expected. Mr. Rice came to Columbus, Wednesday. The next morning Mr. Fay took a train for some point, no one seemed to know where nor for what purpose. In the evening, the secret was let out and it was at first discredited, so unexpected was the affair.

The wedding took place at the home of the bride—Delaware, situated twenty-five miles north of Columbus. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock upon the lawn surrounding the residence and under the spreading branches of a— We asked the groom what kind of a tree it was, but he said he hadn't time to perceive, as he was too intent looking at Mr. Fay during the exercises. There were friends present from Cincinnati, Columbus and other points. Messrs. Steward, of Columbus, Anthony and Mrs. Emery Shoop, were the only mutes in attendance.

The presents received by the bride were numerous, beautiful and useful. Among them were a silver fruit basket, glass butterdish with silver cover, half dozen silver knives and forks, two silver napkin rings, glass cakestand, glass breadplate, a china chamber set, table cover, eighteen napkins, two sets of mats, and a glass fruit dish.

An elegant supper was served, after which the happy couple took the train for Columbus, which they reached at 9:30. Upon their arrival, they were taken to the Institution, where they spent last night and to-day. They left this afternoon for Milford, Knox Co., Ohio, where their future home will be.

What Mr. Smith Says.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The author of the article in the JOURNAL of the 1st, in which I am honored with the title of "blower," has my sincere thanks for the compliment. "Blower," in one sense of the term, may be applied to a person who makes a great ado about nothing, and as he sees fit to crow so lustily over the accomplishment of an insignificant feat as five miles in fifty-one minutes and forty-three seconds, I feel strongly tempted to return the compliment.

I hope to show all doubting parties just where I stand, when, at the coming deaf-mutes' picnic, on the 2d of August next, I accomplish the above mentioned distance within forty-four minutes, notwithstanding my present condition, which I have already venged to do, and thus beat Mr. Frazier's record by over seven minutes. Until then, I have nothing further to say.

M. J. SMITH.  
SOUTH ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 10, '80.

Hartford Graduates.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—WHEREAS, We the undersigned deaf-mutes (from different towns) meeting together at the picnic of the M. L. A., of New York City, and hearing with deep regret of the death of our dear, kind teacher, Prof. John C. Bull, of Hartford, Resolve, To offer the assurance of our sincere sympathy to his bereaved wife and children, and send them a copy of this resolution.

Prof. Bull has been a teacher in the American Asylum, going on a quarter of a century, and was always beloved by his pupils. He will be greatly missed by all who know him.

MRS. CLARA ROBERTS, New York City.  
MISS MATILDA J. AXI, New Haven, Ct.  
MRS. LIZZIE C. DICKINSON, Haverhill, Mass.  
MRS. WILLIAM DICKINSON, Ira H. Derby, South Weymouth, Mass.  
HERMAN ERBE, Thomaston, Conn.  
THOMAS MOORE, Cambridgeport, Mass.  
JOHN MUTH, Bridgeport, Conn.  
July 14, 1880.

He had one son hanged, another in San Quentin penitentiary, and his wife had eloped with a chromo pedler. "Have you any family?" he was asked by a fellow-passenger. "None to speak of," was the prompt resort.



